

## The True Northerner.

PAW-AW, MICHIGAN.

### THE LITTLE FOLKS.

#### Red Riding-Hood.

On the white lawn the snow lay deep,  
Bridges over many a drifted heap;  
The wind that through the pine-trees sung  
The naked oaks brought down and hung;  
While, through the window, frosty stars,  
Against the sunset purple bars,  
We saw the sunset glow fall by,  
The hawk's grey cloak along the sky,  
The crested blue-jay flitting swift,  
The squirrel peering on the drift,  
Ere, alert, his thick grey tail  
Set to the north wind like a sail.

It came to pass, our little lass,  
With flattered face about the glass,  
And eyes in which the tender dew  
Of pity shone, stood gazing through  
The narrow space her rosy lips  
Had parted from the frosty lips:  
"Oh, see," she cried, "the poor blue-jay  
What is it that the black crow says?  
The squirrel lifts his little legs  
Because he has no hands, and begs:  
He's asking for my nuts, I know;  
May I not feed them on the snow?"

Half lost within her books, her head  
Warm-sheltered in her hand of red,  
Her plaid skirt close about her dress,  
She floundered down the wintry lawn;  
Now struggling through the misty veil  
Blown round her by the shrieking gale;  
Now sinking in a drift so low  
Her scarlet hood could scarcely show  
Its dash of color on the snow.

She dropped for land and forest  
Her little store of nuts and corn,  
And thus her timid gaze bespoke:  
"Come, squirrel, from your hollow oak—  
Come, black crow, from your pine-tree  
Before your supper's blown away!  
Don't be afraid; we all are good;  
And I'm mamma's Red Riding-Hood!"

O Thou, whose care is Red Riding,  
Who heedest even the sparrow's fall,  
Keep in the maiden's breast  
The pity which the world has lost;  
Let not her cultured years make less  
The childhood charm of tenderness,  
But let her fall as well as know,  
Nor harder with her polish grow!  
Unmoved by sentimental grief  
That walks along some printed leaf,  
But, prompt with kindly word and deed  
To own the claims of all who need,  
Let the grown woman's self make good  
The promises of Red Riding-Hood!

John G. Whittier.

The Curious End of the General's Ride.

Many years ago Gen. Batashof, of the Russian army, was in his way from St. Petersburg to his home on the north of Russia.

He had reached a little village about fifteen miles from his estate, and from this place he had to depend upon private traveling conveyance. But this did not trouble him, as he was expected at home; and, when he arrived at the village, he found his comfortable sledge, with three good horses, and his own driver, Ivan, awaiting him.

As it was not yet noon, and the snow on the road was hard and firm, the General felt quite certain that his horses, which had been in the village all night, and were fresh and strong, could take him home before dark.

So off they started, and for some miles the ride was delightful. But when they had left the village about five miles behind them, their way led through a forest, and they had not gone very far among the tall trees and the snow-covered rocks which lined each side of the road, before one of the horses began to show unmistakable signs of fright.

"What is the matter with him, Ivan?" asked the General. "I see nothing to frighten him."

The man answered that he saw nothing, either, but that he thought the horse must smell some wild beast.

"Well, push on as fast as you can," said the General, who had a good pair of pistols with him, and was not particularly afraid of any wild beasts, although he thought it well to avoid them, if it could be done.

So Ivan drove rapidly on; but soon the other horses became very restless, and then they stopped short, all three of them.

"Why, what can have got into the creatures?" cried the General, rising in his seat. "There is nothing to frighten them here. Whip them up, Ivan! Make them go on!"

So Ivan plied his stout whip upon the horses, but for a minute or two they would not stir. Then all of a sudden away they dashed, almost tumbling Ivan off his seat, so quick and strong was their unexpected spring.

And they did not spring too soon, for they had barely darted away before a large bear rushed out from between two great rocks by the roadside. He came with such force that it was evident that he had expected to spring upon either the sledge or one of the horses.

Happily, neither the sledge nor the horses were there when he bounded into the road. But he missed them by very little. His side almost touched the ends of the furs that flew out from the back of the sledge.

The General turned in his seat and drew a pistol, intending to fire at the bear. But the wild gallop of the horses had already carried him too far for a pistol to be of use, and he contented himself with watching the discomfited beast.

The impetuous rush of the bear had carried him across the road, and for a moment he stopped to recover himself. Then he looked up and immediately set off in pursuit of the retreating sledge.

But this was useless, for the horses soon left him far behind. The General, still looking back, saw him leave the road and re-enter the woods.

"A lucky escape!" said he to Ivan; "for that was a big fellow, and I am afraid that my pistol-balls might not have been heavy enough for him. We are well clear of him."

"If we are clear of him," said Ivan, "I don't think he will give up the chase so easily. The road makes a turn around this rocky ledge, and I fear that he will hurry across through the woods and meet us again over there when we have made the turn."

"Nonsense!" said the General. "He would not have the sense to do that."

Ivan had no answer, for he had his own ideas about the sense of bears; but he urged the horses forward.

As they turned around the bend in the road, the animals seemed filled with frenzy, and dashed madly over the ground.

"They seem him," cried Ivan, who made no attempt to check speed, "and there he is!"

Sure enough, on a rock, a little higher than the road, stood the bear. In an instant he had reached him. At the pace they were going, it was impossible

to stop; but as the horses flew past the rock, they swerved to the opposite side of the narrow road. Yet they could not escape the hungry beast. As they reached him, he sprang; and although he missed the horses, he caught the sledge. With his great fore-paws, and his head and shoulders inside the sledge, he endeavored to draw up his hind legs—a difficult matter, at the rate the horses were going.

The General, who was sitting on the opposite side from that to which the bear was clinging, clapped his pistol to the creature's head, and pulled the trigger.

Click! It missed fire. At this, poor Ivan, who, with a horror-stricken expression, was looking back at the bear, threw down the reins and sprang from the sledge. The bear drew up one of his hind legs, and at the same moment the General drew up both of his legs, and rolled, sideways, on to the snow. He saw that it was time to get out.

The bear now drew himself entirely into the sledge, and looked about him. The horses galloped more wildly than ever—if such a thing were possible—and the rapid motion seemed to please the shaggy brute. He sat down in the bottom of the sledge and looked at the horses, as if wondering which one he should spring upon first.

While he was thinking about the matter, they reached the point where the road left the woods and led out into the open country. The way now, for some distance, was down hill, and as the frightened horses plunged along, and the sledge was whirled around a turn, where it came very near upsetting, the bear had to hold fast to the front seat to keep from being thrown out. On they went, the horses madly dashing along, and the bear tightly clutching the seat, until they reached the level road again.

Here the tremendous pace which they had been keeping up almost from the time that they had entered the forest began to tell upon the horses, and, in spite of their terror, their speed slackened.

And now the bear, finding his seat more secure, leaned forward, as if he could afford to lose no more time in making his choice of the horses.

But already he had waited too long. At a short distance in front of him, by the roadside, stood two men with rifles on their shoulders. They were hunters. Having heard behind them the noise of the galloping horses, they had stopped and turned to see what it was which was approaching at such a pace. They did not comprehend that a bear was the occupant of the sledge, until it had passed them. But then, raising their rifles together, they took quick aim; two reports rang out, and two balls went through the head of the bear, who dropped dead in the bottom of the sledge. On went the horses, galloping more slowly, but still going at a rapid rate.

"Ho! ho!" said one of the hunters. "Something has happened! If I am not mistaken, those were the horses of Gen. Batashof, and that was his sledge."

"I think you are right," said the other; "but how came a bear in it? He could not have lent his sledge to a bear, especially one who drives so recklessly. Something has happened, as you say. Let us go back and see what it is."

So back toward the woods went the hunters. When they had proceeded some distance into the forest, they saw two doleful figures approaching them. One was Ivan, who had hurt his leg when he sprang from the sledge, and he was limping along, partly supported by the General, who had rolled into a snow-bank, and, with the exception of a shaking-up, had escaped injury.

They were glad enough to see the hunters, and still more happy to hear of the death of the bear, for Ivan had had great fears that the brute would jump out of the sledge and come back after them.

The two men took Ivan between them, and by resting his hands on a shoulder of each of them, he found that he could get along very well. The news of the death of the bear really made his leg feel better. The General was strong and vigorous, and so they hoped to get home without much difficulty, although there were six or seven miles to be walked.

Not very long after this, the three horses, panting and smoking, trotted into the court-yard adjoining the General's stables, and stopped before the great stable door. Some of the men, who had been expecting the General, came running out, but when they saw no one in the sledge but a dead bear, they were stricken dumb with amazement.

"What is this?" said one, when he found his tongue. "This beast has killed and devoured Ivan and our master!"

"How can that be?" said another. "He is dead himself. If he killed them first, they could not have killed him afterward; and if they killed him first, he could not have killed them."

"True enough," said a big man with a gray beard, who had charge of the stables. "They cannot be hurt, or they could not have shot this bear so well. I see how it was. The General shot the bear; he shot him twice—there are two wounds in his head. Then he and Ivan were lifting him into the sledge when the horses took fright—they ate a bear dead or alive—and ran off, leaving Ivan and the General standing in the road. Here—quick! Bring out another sledge and team. Harness in haste; I will go back myself and bring them home. But remember, every man of you: Not a word of this in the house until I return."

The three fresh horses soon met the party on foot, and, as the sledge was a large one, they all were taken into it—the General insisting on the hunters coming to his house and taking possession of the bear, which was certainly his prize.

When the sledge reached the General's home, it stopped first at the court-yard, and Ivan and the hunters got out.

The General was driven to the main entrance of his mansion, where his wife, hearing the bells of the horses, ran out to meet him.

After he had alighted, and they were about to go together into the house, she noticed that gray-bearded Michael was the driver, and not Ivan, whom she had seen start off the day before, and she asked how this change had been made.

"Oh!" said the General, "I have

changed drivers, and have changed sledges and horses also, on the way. I even got out of my sledge, because an impatient individual, whom we met on the road, wanted to ride in it."

"And you let him have it?" asked his wife, in amazement.

"Yes," said the General, "I thought it well to give it up to him. And now let us go in, and I will tell you the story."—*St. Nicholas for May.*

### One Thousand Millions of Municipal Indebtedness.

The Public, of New York has prepared a summary of the debts of cities in this country as far as they can be ascertained, and makes the total to be \$1,004,000,000.

In 1870 the reported debts of the municipalities recorded in the census amounted to \$269,035,551. Since that time there has been an increase to \$774,089,104, or 176 per cent. The debt of other municipalities was \$59,208,979 in 1870, and this, with the interest that has naturally accrued, carries the total up to \$907,512,886. Adding to this an estimated increase for the past year, we have the present municipal indebtedness of the country at \$1,004,000,000. Commenting on these facts, the Public says:

"It seems safe to say that the interest on municipal debts, though not fully paid, involves a tax of about \$60,000,000 yearly. This large sum must be paid in addition to the cost of municipal government, which was over \$114,000,000 in 1870, and has largely increased since that time. It is probably much within the truth to say that the municipal governments and debts cost us \$200,000,000 yearly, and in addition we pay about \$145,000,000 for State and county purposes, while the revenue of the United States Government is \$284,000,000. About \$229,000,000 yearly we pay in taxes, besides about \$30,000,000 for postal service, and unknown sums in fees to various Federal, State, and local officials. And, after paying more than \$15 per capita for government of various sorts, besides untold millions in fees, we still find municipal debts increasing at the rate of more than \$2 per capita yearly. In 1870 the assessed valuation of property in the country was about \$14,000,000,000. Taxation for various forms of government exceeds 4.7 per cent. yearly of that valuation, and, moreover, the increase of municipal debt is about .7 per cent. yearly. We either pay in taxes, or run into debt, at the rate of 5.4 per cent. yearly on the assessed value of all property, and still we wonder that we do not prosper."

### A Country Ride.

A few days since there arrived at the Sherman House, Chicago, a newly-married couple. It was apparent at first sight that they were unused to city ways, but the bride was so radiant with the fresh bloom that country life and air alone can give that the groom was envied by all the young men who make that hotel their abiding place.

The morning after their arrival, the chambermaid visited the young couple's room, at the unconsciously early hour of 8 o'clock. A "come in" answered her knock, and on entering the room she found the bed made up and the room in the neatest kind of order. The chambermaid was astonished to find all her work anticipated, and proposed to sweep the room while the young couple were in the dining-room. "Why," was her answer, "we had breakfast two hours ago." During the stay of the couple, the chambermaid had no work to do in their room. The revelation to the servant that a woman in a hotel could do something for herself, was a strange one, and was duly reported. The young man took a deeper interest in the little lady who knew how and was not afraid to "do up" her own room, and the example becoming contagious, infected the other ladies in the hotel, much to the satisfaction of the chambermaids.

### The Consumption of Cotton.

The supply of cotton goods to the world is mainly furnished by Great Britain and the United States. The consumption of cotton goods in this country is equal to twelve pounds per head of the population, while in Europe it is only equal to five pounds per head. The cotton manufacture in Great Britain retained for home consumption is about six pounds per head, and on the continent of Europe not over four and a half pounds. The exports from Great Britain to countries other than Europe and the United States is 800,000,000 pounds, while 40,000,000 pounds are sent from the United States. The export of cotton fabrics to Asia, Africa, South and Central America, Mexico, and Australia is less than one pound of cotton per head to the population. It follows, then, that only one-fifth of the population of these countries is supplied by machine-made cotton. There remain, therefore, outside of the United States and Europe, 800,000,000 of people whose clothing consists mainly of cotton cloth, who are yet supplied by hand-spun and woven cloth. To supply those people with machine-made cotton at the rate of five pounds per head will require 4,000,000 additional bales of cotton a year and 40,000,000 additional spindles.

### A Woman Entomologist.

Dr. Thomas, the State Entomologist of Illinois, has appointed a lady as his first assistant. While he is in Omaha studying grasshoppers as one of the Government Commissioners, Miss Emma Smith will perform his official work in Illinois, being practically State Entomologist. Besides this, she will take excursions independently into the insect kingdom, making special observations and collections of bugs in Northern Illinois.

### The Longest Railway.

It is claimed that the most extensive line of railway in the world is that of the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Company. At the close of 1875 the line in operation comprised 3,195 miles, and 1,228 miles more are being built, or concessions therefor have been obtained. Thus, when complete, the system will embrace 4,423 miles, and the directors are contemplating a still further extension.

### Turkish Barbarities.

The students of a military school at Constantinople sent a petition to the Porte denouncing Midhat's banishment as unconstitutional and soliciting his recall. The boys were marshaled into the school-yard and ordered to reveal the name of the author of the petition. One of them, a promising youth, stepped forward and avowed himself as the author. He was condemned to receive 200 blows on the soles of his feet, and died after 105 blows had been administered.

### FRANCE AND GERMANY.

The Coming Death Grapple Between the Teuton and the Gaul—France's Gigantic Preparations for the Conflict.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

Europe is rapidly assuming the condition of a vast military camp, or rather is becoming a series of national camps. Germany has devoted all her energies, since the close of the war with France, to perfect her military organization. A large part of the French indemnity was expended in military roads, in obtaining heavy ordnance, in strengthening fortifications, in the purchase of arms, and in building and equipping a navy. The empire has been made a vast military school, so that when there is a need for troops every man will be a trained and armed soldier. In France the preparation for war has been even more extensive. The inefficiency and insufficiency of the military establishment under the empire is one of the painful remembrances of France. Hardly had the Germans left the country before the military education of the nation was begun. France is no longer to have a regular army and a militia; the nation is to be made an army; the old men and the women are to do the work of the field and shop, while the young and able-bodied men are being instructed and educated as soldiers. When France goes to war again, it will be with the whole nation in arms, and the whole nation fighting as trained soldiers only can fight. The next French army will be a national one, prepared to fight to the last man, and each man an educated soldier. The French have in the same manner been expending heavily for fortifications. Between Paris and the northern frontier there are various lines of fortifications, and the defense of the country against invasion is immensely strengthened. For prudential reasons the fortification of the frontier has been left to a later date. But the work of preparation goes on incessantly. By night and day the work is going on all over France. The purchase and manufacture of arms has been enormous, and France will, when the time comes, be prepared to place a rifle of the best finish in the hands of every man in France. The expenditure by France has been made from taxation of the most exacting character. The national tax is now \$547,000,000 a year; this tax is needed to pay the interest on the public debt, and to support and improve the military defenses. The annual outlay for the army and fortifications is stated to be \$150,000,000, and for the navy \$50,000,000.

It is very clear that in Germany a war with France is not only expected, but is considered certain. There can be no question that the national pride of France is aroused, and that on the question of a war with Germany there will be no division of sentiment. The people are submitting to the utmost privations and sacrifices. The taxes are possibly equal in the case of a large part of the people to an average of one meal a day for each family, and this is endured that France may be able to avenge the injury and loss of the past. When that war comes, it will be one of the most determined character. Not only the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine, but the further rectification of the national boundaries, will be the end sought by France. Whenever Germany shall be divided, that will be an opportunity for France, but whether Germany be divided or not, the war will come by the act of France, when in the judgment of her rulers the country shall be fully prepared for such an event. Such a war between these two nations, after this long and formidable preparation, will be such as the world has not seen in modern times. On its issue will rest the very existence of France. Defeat will leave her so overwhelmed with debt as to render the payment of that debt impossible. She will sink to the lowest rank among nations. But, if successful, where will her success lead? In addition to the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine, she may desire to extend her borders. Her success, too, will destroy the prestige of the German empire. The end of such war will lead, probably, to a new map of Europe, in which Belgium, Holland, and Denmark may disappear as independent nations.

### The War and Its Aspects.

What end shall we forecast for this renewal of the old, inevitable struggle between the past and the present, between Asia and Europe? If not the last encounter of the two, it will have much of the character of a final one. It may not reverse the history of more than four centuries ago, and present to us Sultan Hamid falling, like Constantine Palaeologus, before the shattered walls of Constantinople; but it will at least decide the tenure of Moslem rule in Europe. The Turks themselves feel this, with the true instinct of an imaginative race; the common soldier knows it as well as the Pasha who commands his division. Russia will find on the Danube a wall of fanaticism, no less than of fire and steel. The recent successes in Serbia, and the recollections of 1853 and '54, will contribute still further to inspire the Turkish armies; they will fight fiercely and stubbornly, and it will require equal courage and very skillful generalship to break their line of defense.

Our expectation of the results of the war, briefly stated, is this: that, after a desperate resistance, Turkey will be forced to succumb; that Russia will content herself with a slice of Armenia, a new harbor on the southern shore of the Black sea, and her former European boundary, including one month of the Danube; that she will lay no hand on Constantinople, stop short of any proceeding which might provoke the armed intervention of other powers, and leave Turkey a phantom existence in Europe for a few years longer. But the influences which the war will set in motion are incalculable, and it is possible that the end may be very different from that which we have prognosticated.—*New York Tribune.*

### Turkey's Financial Condition.

Paper Money in Unlimited Quantities—Scrip Which is Almost Valueless—The Money Worth Nothing Outside of the Empire.

The insolvency of Turkey has been, to a considerable extent, increased by the issue of paper money (caime) to the amount of 700,000,000 piasters, about \$29,000,000. When in August, 1876, the Government declared its intention of issuing paper money to the amount of 300,000,000 piasters, it promised the public that no further issue would be made until the first issue should have been recalled. This promise, like most of those made by the Porte, was soon broken; for, shortly after the commencement of the present year, another issue to the extent of 400,000,000 was put in circulation. The result is a complete state of stagnation, and unless some unforeseen event wards off the impending blow, it will not be long before the Turks, to quote Mr. Gladstone, must "bag and baggage," leave Europe. Outside Turkey this paper money, or caime, has no value whatever. The caime daily depreciates in value. Our latest advices quoted it at 165, that is to say, for a Turkish lira (\$4.10), nominally 100 piasters, a money changer would give you 165 piasters in notes. Different values are attached to the caime by different establishments, and when one attempts to spend his money he is entirely at the mercy of the shop-keepers. The officials of the Government are also made to suffer, as they are paid at the rate of 100 piasters to the lira, instead of at the rate of 165 piasters, the negotiable value of the money. The army, too, when paid at all, are paid in caime. This fact, not long since, led to almost a riot. The troops stationed at the Dardanelles received money on account of four months' arrears that were owing them. This was paid in caime, but as the paymasters had nothing less than notes for 100 piasters, and they wished to pay the men 25 piasters each, they overcame the difficulty in this way: The soldiers were told off into fours, and to each quartet, in the presence of the other three, was given a note with instructions to get change for it where he could, and then pay the others. The *sayas* (money-changers) and shops were at once besieged, but the difficulty experienced in obtaining change was enhanced ten-fold, owing to the fact that the soldiers set a very different value upon the caime to what the tradespeople did. Disputes arose, assaults were committed, and ultimately the shops were closed. Fortunately for the commercial community of the place, the next day a supply of 25-piaster notes arrived from Constantinople, and the soldiers were enabled to dissolve their unwilling partnership.

Between the caime and the "good" money come the copper piasters, which are now current at 150 to the lira. In each gold lira there are five silver medjidehs, and in each medjideh there are four beslihs, one of which is equal to a franc; consequently, with copper at 150 the lira, a beslih should be worth seven and a half piasters, copper; while, with caime at 165, a note with nominal value of 5 piasters should be represented in copper by a fraction of a piaster under the value it bears upon its face.

### The Rush to the Black Hills.

The number of new buildings in process of erection at Sidney is something surprising. Some of them are substantial and of fine architectural beauty. Business is very brisk and rents high. The travel to the Black Hills from this point will average about 100 persons per day. They go in teams, on foot and by stage. There seems to be a great scarcity of transportation, and those having teams bound for the Hills find no difficulty in securing passengers and freight. They charge from \$12 to \$15 or passage, carrying from fifty to 100 pounds of baggage, the passengers walking most of the distance. The most of the people going to the gold beds are sensible and, apparently, hard-working men. Of course, the town is filled with gamblers and thieves, and, judging by the signs on the places of business, whisky is the principal article of traffic.

Early in the morning, if you are observant, you will see coming down from the hills, out of barnyards, box cars and from every conceivable place where a man could sleep, hordes of tramps, who are entirely destitute of money or provisions, all animated by an ambition to go to the Black Hills, and it is probable that most of them will succeed in getting there.—*Sidney (Neb.) Letter to the Omaha Bee.*

### A Cotton-Picking Machine.

The cotton gin created a revolution in the cost and production of this important fleece. Recently another invention has been perfected which may produce almost as marked an effect as the cotton gin. It is the picker. It is a wagon-like machine which is driven through the ripened fields and picks clean every scrap of cotton lint, and nothing except cotton, and saves the labor of 100 hands. Where the price of the staple may go to with this invention in general use it is impossible to fathom. The machine is a North Carolina affair, and is said to do good work.

### The Proper Temperature.

Dr. Richardson, of England, who is now recognized as a high authority on matters of domestic hygiene, says that 62 deg. Fahrenheit is the right degree of temperature for health, and that those engaged in literary or artistic work cannot possibly be too careful on this point. If their labor be prolonged or severe, the temperature may be allowed to run up to 65 deg. or even 70 deg. The same rule applies to all sedentary persons and children studying. Our rooms here are apt to be at least 10 degrees too hot for healthy persons.

### Newburyport Has 1,300 more women than men. It is a small place, and a wedding there creates almost as much sadness as a funeral.

### PEOPLE AND THINGS.

The grasshoppers are disappearing from Texas.

SHAD are becoming very plentiful in the California rivers.

A son of Stephen A. Douglas is studying law in North Carolina.

HOLDERS of Centennial stock will get about 22 cents on the dollar.

BERLIN, by the late census, is found to have 1,000,309 inhabitants.

A MAGNIFICENT table clock lately fetched \$2,415 at auction in London.

FRANCIS JOSEPH of Austria is a great fiddler—one of the best amateurs of Vienna.

A BILL offering a bounty of 5 cents for every rat killed in the State has passed the Missouri Legislature.

THURSDAY, April 26, was the fifty-eighth anniversary of the establishment of Old Fellowship in the United States.

HENRY SLADE, the Spiritualist, who was imprisoned in London, is performing in Holland, and exciting a great amount of interest among the Dutchmen.

The will was lately contested in the English Probate Court of a lady who married when 80 years a man of 40, and at his death married again and survived her second husband.

BEFORE the war the States of Mississippi and Alabama were the largest cotton-producing regions of the South, but neither one ever exceeded the 650,000 bales produced by Texas last year.

J. C. MURPHY, a negro-minstrel, advertises in the *Clipper* that he has obtained a divorce from his wife, and adds: "Once more I stand erect, and assume the godlike attitude of freedom and a single man."

At the close of 1876 the public debt of Spain stood at nearly \$470,000,000. The manufacturing industries of the country are comparatively insignificant, its natural resources almost undeveloped, and its population little more than 16,000,000.

The will of Miss Mary Dancer, daughter of the New York gambler, "Matt" Dancer, giving over \$300,000 to charities, is to be contested by an uncle and about a dozen cousins, but with small prospect of success, except for the lawyers.

The English postoffice is going to employ much fewer women in telegraphy, because they cannot work at night. Young ladies are found to do very well as railroad ticket clerks, except that they are so fascinating that male passengers daily at the ticket office and cause delay.

### THE CLIMBING ROSE.

Climb, climb the golden ladder,  
Sing of mine;  
Climb till thou dost reach her heart  
For whom I pine.  
Climb not, lest thou lose the bliss  
For which I sigh;  
Climb till thou dost touch her heart—  
Ah! why ask I?

—*Gleaner for May.*

JOHN H. BUSTOW, of Circleville, Ind., was awaiting the arrival of a train upon which he desired to go to his home, a few miles distant. While on the platform talking to two friends, in apparent good health, he suddenly threw his hands up and sank to the floor, dying inside of three minutes.

New York hotels: The St. Nicholas Hotel rents for \$120,000; the Fifth Avenue for \$200,000; the Windsor, \$125,000; Metropolitan, \$180,000; St. James, \$40,000, and Grand Central, \$100,000. Very few of the hotel proprietors in town have been able to secure any reduction this year.

BIRDS killed on our prairies, packed closely with paper in barrels, and without any freezing or other artificial process of preservation, now go regularly to Leadenhall, and are eaten in the dining-rooms of London and the West End side by side with the much more expensive partridges and fowls which are reared in England.

MR. AXTELL, who was sent to Congress by the Democracy of California for two terms, and who never returned to San Francisco after his second incumbency, has turned Mormon, become Brother Axtell, and is now playing the part of a Mormon John the Baptist, crying aloud in the wilderness of New Mexico, and making the paths straight for a Mormon exodus to that Territory.

A NUMBER of young Frenchmen undertook to smoke and jest at a midnight mass, on Christmas eve, in a parish church, near Tours. One of them seized a burning taper and set it under the chair of a pious gentleman who was absorbed in his devotions. For these and other eccentricities they have been recently sentenced to terms of imprisonment ranging from a fortnight to a month.

### A CARCANEY.

Not what the chemists say they be,  
Are paries—they never grow;  
They come not from the hollow sea,  
They come from heaven in dew!  
Down in the Indian sea it slips  
Through green and briny whirls,  
Where great shells catch it in their lips,  
And kiss it into pearls!

If dew can be so beautiful made,  
Oh, why not tears, my girl?  
Why not your tears? Be not afraid—  
I do but kiss a pearl!

—*R. H. Stoddard, in Scribner for May.*

MORE than 125 mountains in North Carolina were measured by Prof. Guyot. Of this number the lowest is some 2,500 feet, and the highest is 6,707 feet. There are fifty-four mountains over 6,000 feet in height; forty-five mountains over 5,000 feet in height, but not as much as 6,000, and fifteen mountains over 4,000 feet, but not as much as 5,000 feet. Black mountain is the highest, being 6,707 feet.

Two BODIES, tightly fastened together with a strong cord, were taken from the Seine at Botten, three weeks ago. A young man whose father was rich had been so injudicious as to fall in love with a work-girl, pretty, simple and low-born. A letter found in the pocket of the young man's coat told the tragic story in a single sentence. "Our parents would not allow us to marry, and we resolved to perish together in order that we might not be separated in paradise."

BARONESS MEYER ROTHSCHILD, who recently died at Nice,